Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore company deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometimes ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne company. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad, *Enter Hermia.*
Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo weary, neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eye gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eie,
And the Country Prouerbe knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Iill*, nought ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall be well.
Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.
Tita. Come ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes do coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clowne. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſome*?
Peaſ. Ready.
Clowne. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome*. Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb*? *Cob.* Ready.

Clown.

Clo. Mounſieur *Cob*
pons in your hand, an
the top of a thiſtle; a
ny bag. Doe not fre
Mounſieur; and good
breake not, I would b
hony-bag ſigniour. W
Muſ. Ready.
Clo. Giue me your n
Pray you leaue your c
Muſt. What's your
Clo. Nothing go
Cobweb to ſcratch.
me-thinkes I am mar
am ſuch a tender aſſe,
ſcratch.
Tita. What, wilt tho
loue?
Clowne I haue a rea
haue the tongs and th
Tita. Or ſay ſweet
Clow. Truely a peck
good dry Oates. Me
tle of hay: good hay
Tita. I haue a ven
That ſhall ſeeke the
And fetch thee new
Clo. I had rather h
But I pray you let no
poſition of ſleepe co
Tyta. Sleepe thou,
Fairies be gone, and
So doth the woodbi
Gently entwiſt; the
Enrings the barky fin